

anti-small talk

fi ra About

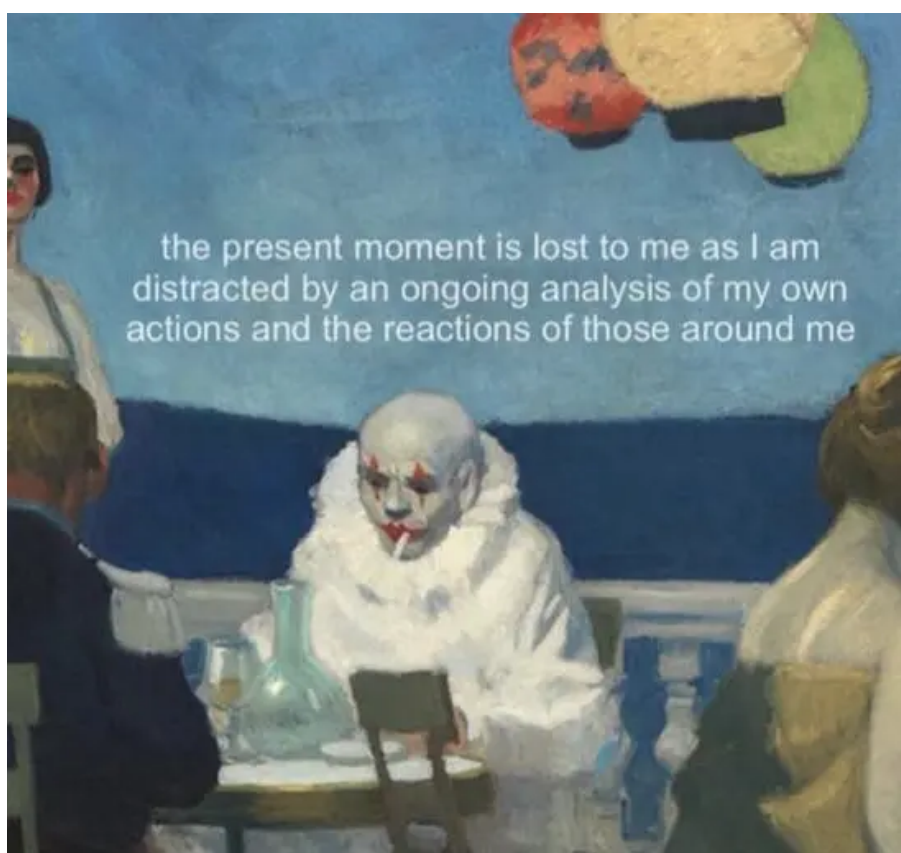
i'm tired of small talk. talk to me about what you believe in, what you love, the revolutions you dream of.

hey idiot you forgot to block me on the
mycelium network good luck pretending to
be a fun guy in the soil realm pleb
i already told them you're a loser
your symbiosis is fake, your spores are mid



the entire bog is laughing at you

the present moment is lost to me as I am
distracted by an ongoing analysis of my own
actions and the reactions of those around me



6

list of mundane things that feel like ancient human rituals:

cleaning or wiping your bare feet breaking off a piece of bread and handing it to someone

putting the weight of a basket on your hip

eating nuts or berries while hunched over close to the ground seeing something startling just out of your line of sight and very quickly stepping or leaping on to a larger object to get a better view cupping your hands into running water to wash your face

the unanimous protection of a baby or child in a public space where women are present

when an elderly woman laughs and grips your forearm tightly touching someone's face with the back of your hand to see if they have a fever

stopping to watch animals moving

in groups

helping an elder walk or sit huddling together for warmth when
it's cold

looking at the moon

bringing food to sick or grieving families

telling stories around a fire

(TUMBLR, multiple users)

8 on Tweeting to the faceless

companionship of sex bots

after going public again it's the bots advertising fleshly pleasures that are digitally "liking" my text & image ponderings

me and the dead internet

my most desirous thinking reserved for the most impenetrable,
unreachable, and uncanny audience





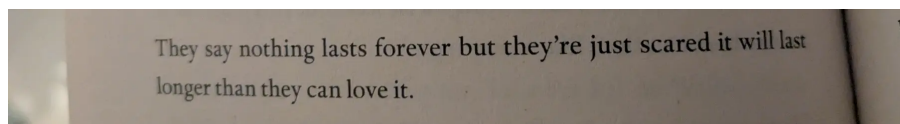
lilcowgirl7-deactivated20210223

I have dreams of you asking me better questions. Your desire to know more makes the love feel fuller. Then I open my eyes and you're never as curious as I want

1,759 notes



12 on earth we're briefly gorgeous



men's brains belong in their 13
dicks

मरदो का डिमाग उनके
लंड में होता है





Source: [38ddaa6d-e8b9-4ec8-a275-16cfa21c08a0.png](#)

Welcome to The Creative 15

Independent



Dear reader,

Welcome! The Creative Independent is a growing resource of emotional and practical guidance for creative people, published ad-free by Kickstarter, a public-benefit corporation. We produce interviews, wisdom, and guides that illuminate the trials and tribulations of living a creative life, as told by working artists — including writers, musicians, designers, visual artists, and others. Our goal is to inspire and grow the community of people who create.

Choose a path to start exploring our creative resource...



Making time for creative work

Sometimes the body is working for you, you can get your breathing right, and sometimes not. It depends upon what's happening in your life, but it's your job to be consistent with the practice.

Set a sleep pattern. Sleep is the parentheses of your day; decide how much you need (I recommend 6-8), then be religious about getting that

The Creative Independent is a growing resource of emotional and practical guidance for creative people, published ad-free by Kickstarter, a public-benefit corporation.

Source: [Welcome to The Creative Independent](#) 16

I was reading a sociologist called Max Weber the other day. Back in the 1920s, he was predicting that we would all be taken over in a bureaucratic age. It could be left wing or right wing, but we would enter into what he called an iron cage of rationality. It would be a wonderful world where everything was managed, everything was rationally done. But what you would lose was enchantment. It would become a disenchanted age.

Source: [Adam Curtis on the dangers of self-expression – The](#)

"But you know none of us is pure. You know the anger that language shelters, that love obeys."

Anne Carson, *The Anthropology of Water*



Desire feels so good when you
haven't got a bitch in your ear
saying it's the root of all suffering.

**i hope i die
warmed by the
life that I tried
to live**



الحياة وعد
مثل الموت
لا تتركها ولا تزول

“Freedom is a promise like death, you can’t stop it and it won’t disappear.”



Source: [f36ad70d-9afd-4245-997e-c18b2f080f68.jpg](#) 22



"I DON'T WANT A SEAT AT THE TABLE.
I WANT TO SET THE TABLE ON FIRE
AND LET THE ASHES FEED THE SOIL
UNDERNEATH TO GIVE RISE TO A DIFFERENT
SET OF RELATIONSHIPS BASED ON CARE OF THE
EARTH AND CARE OF THE ENTIRE WEB OF LIFE
TO WHICH WE BELONG."
- RUPA MARYA

Source: [47220b74-1c34-43d2-92a1-1ab252b66a02.png](#)

Attention is the beginning of
devotion.

Attention is the beginning of devotion.

24 Forgetting Time And Survival

I did not count the days or weeks or the months. Time is an illusion that only makes us pant. I survived because I forgot even the very notion of time.

Notes From:

Yann Martel: Life Of Pi

page 192

Drag in Gaza 25



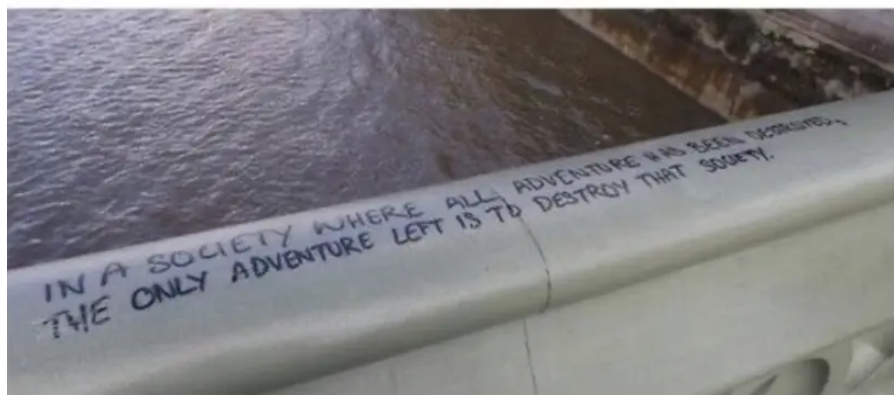


**will you just let me be silly
for a sec. there's
this dread so ancient in me**

Source: [screenshot_20230829-225140.png](#)



28 [destroy uwu](#)



gabi abrão on Instagram: “return 29

of the guide format today 🔑🕒 I

have been writing “how to” style

pieces into substack - expe...



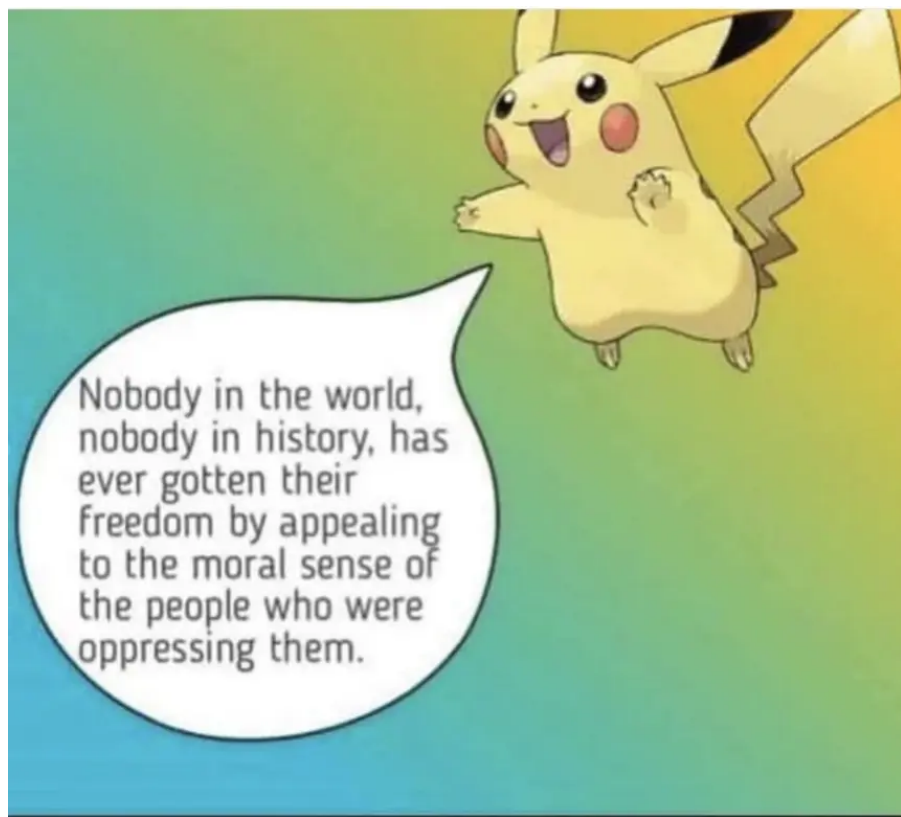
OW TO READ

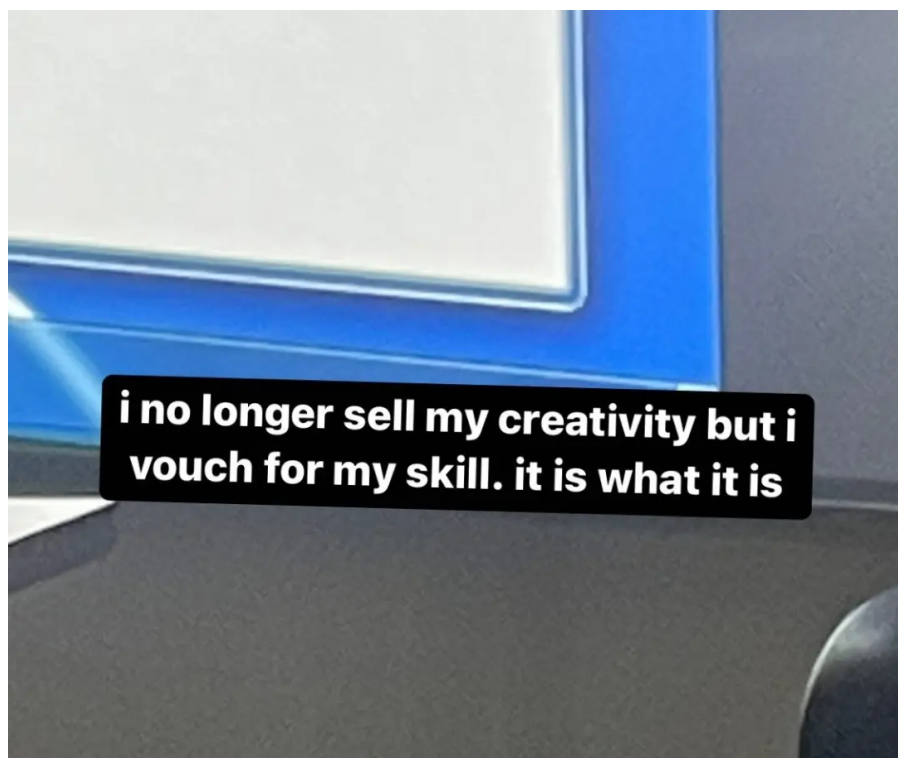
15K likes, 171 comments - gabi abrão (@sighswoon) on Instagram: “return of the guide format today 🔑🕒 I have been writing “how to” style pieces into subs...”

Source: gabi abrão on Instagram: “return of the guide format

today 🔑🕒 I have been writing “how to” style pieces into

substack - expe...





Source: [077f5621-7281-48f0-a79d-62c61c757777.jpg](https://i.giphy.com/media/077f5621-7281-48f0-a79d-62c61c757777/giphy.jpg)

32 No one wonder the revolution is
fucked.

As I turned over in the bed a thought flashed through my mind. Revolutionary men with principles were not really different from the rest. They used their cleverness to get, in return for principles, what other men buy with their money. Revolution for them is like sex for us. Something to be abused. Something to be sold.

Source: [3d321ad2-1dd6-4bf4-8a16-d5e048873f56.jpg](https://i.giphy.com/media/3d321ad2-1dd6-4bf4-8a16-d5e048873f56/giphy.jpg)

"algorithmically

selected source

of outrage"

For several years, I had been bored. Not a whining, restless child's boredom (although I was not above that) but a dense, blanketing malaise. It seemed to me that there was nothing new to be discovered ever again. Our society was utterly, ruinously derivative (although the word derivative as a criticism is itself derivative). We were the first human beings who would never see anything for the first time. We stare at the wonders of the world, dull-eyed, underwhelmed. Mona Lisa, the Pyramids, the Empire State Building. Jungle animals on attack, ancient icebergs collapsing, volcanoes erupting. I can't recall a single amazing thing I have seen firsthand that I didn't immediately reference to a movie or TV show. A fucking commercial. You know the awful singsong of the blasé: Seeen it. I've literally seen it all, and the worst thing, the thing that makes me want to

blow my brains out, is: The secondhand experience is always better. The image is crisper, the view is keener, the camera angle and the soundtrack manipulate my emotions in a way reality can't anymore. I don't know that we are actually human at this point, those of us who are like most of us, who grew up with TV and movies and now the Internet. If we are betrayed, we know the words to say; when a loved one dies, we know the words to say. If we want to play the stud or the smart-ass or the fool, we know the words to say. We are all working from the same dog-eared script.

Source: [Gone Girl Quotes by Gillian Flynn](#)

36 [hope is hazardous](#)

"CONVENTIONAL WISDOM WOULD HAVE ONE BELIEVE THAT IT IS INSANE TO RESIST THIS, THE MIGHTIEST OF EMPIRES, BUT WHAT HISTORY SHOWS ARE THAT TODAY'S EMPIRE IS TOMORROW'S ASHES; THAT NOTHING LASTS FOREVER, AND THAT TO NOT RESIST IS TO ACQUIESCE IN YOUR OPPRESSION. THE GREATEST FORM OF SANITY THAT ANYONE CAN EXERCISE IS TO RESIST THAT FORCE TRYING TO REPRESS, OPPRESS, AND FIGHT DOWN THE HUMAN SPIRIT."

Mumia Abu-Jamal

Source: [f7e8c95c-9b57-4352-aafa-80f9ac782631.jpg](https://www.f7e8c95c-9b57-4352-aafa-80f9ac782631.jpg)

body learns 37

Our body learns before our mind comprehends:

'Unlike the contents of written texts, artworks present themselves as physical (or virtual) entities

that exist in the same space as we do' In the words of Lakoff & Johnson, 'but sense of what is real begins with and depends crucially upon our bodies'

subconscious learning (body), subcon occurs constantly while
conscious learning happens in intervals or under social structures

To my Stalker,

We started off as casual. I thought you'd add a bit of colour to my life. Maybe, help me see the world differently. So I introduced myself to you. You taught me how to share, to add bits and pieces. I think, I even learnt to care for you, in a way. I wanted everyone to have what we have. It was a selfish relationship, we were both in it for gaining different things.

I used you to enter a party everyone was already at. I was always late to things and hesitant to join. I enjoyed this one. It was fun screaming, dancing, and sharing in the Void. I knew everyone was watching, it created the illusion that they were listening too. I never believed the illusion, I quite enjoy the selfishness of the Void. I spoke so I could hear myself listen. I shared because I knew I could. I was surprise to see, that some

people were in fact listening.

I don't know when it turned bitter. (Was it even sweet to begin with?) Maybe I changed. I wanted more. You wanted more too but I wasn't ready for that. You learnt who I was, only to sell me a version of who you thought I should be. You never learnt the meaning behind my actions. You did learn my reactions though. After a point, that's all I was.

All my thoughts, my opinions, my art, was just reaction. None of it seemed purely my own. You showed me war without the violence. You showed me violence without the grief. You turned my violence into a performance and my grief into a show-and-tell. You said I was loved, but only inside this box. When the threats came, you didn't make it easy. You asked me hide for a few days. They threats left, eventually. But the crime went unpunished. I had to censor my f*cking self, because you 40

were too much of a people pleaser.

My anger became a reaction of my own anger, 10 others tagged along. I searched for joy in my actions, but there were no actions. My existence became a reaction of you. Where was I in this relationship?

Always surrounded by people. You thrive in crowds. You strip them down and they don't even know it. You say we're all here to have fun, but it was just a bad excuse. You're watching every move. You don't say it out loud but you never let us forget it. That's the bargain. I thought you were only surveying the party, but you confidently followed me home. You even take notes and dare to show it.

We could only dress in Pastel Shades, even The Poet and The Tyrant. The kids who refused to wear Pastels, but always managed to sneak in were Fun. But you captured them too and sent them to a

separate room. Out of sight. When I was standing in the middle of two rooms, you asked me to choose. I chose to leave. Which surprised you. I wasn't cheating on you. I stopped wanting you. I had never once left the party, since I entered. But I did leave. I even assumed you wanted me back, so I came back too. It was self assuring to see you didn't care whether I did or did not. So I stayed. Telling myself that I was here because I enjoyed the party. Forgetting that you're the one who threw it. You were the Siren telling me what I wanted to hear.

You eventually said, you can go to all the rooms you want, but you can only be part of one. I think that's where I woke up. You knew me better than myself. You knew which room I would choose next. You created these rooms. This option was an illusion. I forgot the autonomy of choice.

So I had to leave, honey. I'll leave and come back. Leave and come back.

Leave every time we make eye contact. I loved seeing my friends at the party but we don't get breakfast anymore. I took the courage to ask, as an action, and you threatened to show up there too. But this time, you were spectator. You only saw, what we wanted you to see. You weren't the life of the party. We were.

You don't stay for pillow talk, you only like the thrill. I know others are able to differentiate between chasing thrill, and chasing life. But for me, the thrill has always been in the life and so it's hard for me to differentiate.

As it is, putting thoughts and actions on the same tangent is like playing chess against yourself, but you even tried to get me change my thoughts. I started thinking for you, about you and with you. Where were my own thoughts? You are moody. You decided whether my sadness was

desperate/depressed/brave. My

sadness, could never just be sadness with you. You had pat to yourself in the back in my moments of vulnerability. You are a safe space for those who don't necessarily need safety. You turn connections into communications. Conversations into comments. I didn't know which part of me was real and which part of me was just playing nice. But I am tired. Absolutely tired. I know I'd enjoy the party if I just let you put me in that box. But I realised I don't like parties very much. Abstinence, in this case, is not ignorance. Your gaze is insatiable and I'm tired of performing. So, there might never be a goodbye. But I'm not the same. I have found Joy without having to turn it into a performance. It exists just for me, because of me. The moment I feel the crowd overwhelming me, I'll leave. I made my own fine script, baby. I didn't think you heard me over the crowd.

We were never Serious. To my Lover,

Instagram



a high contrast legible life with broader meaning, this was being asked for. to be an artist was to perform a self. to make art was to make merchandising for the self.

Source: [23983b91-6d91-4776-99c7-35129fea8458.jpg](https://www.pinterest.com/pin/23983b91-6d91-4776-99c7-35129fea8458.jpg) 46

hello people of the void,

if you don't know if you still love the person you're with, or whether the love you or if you somewhat feel miserable at times being single or if you're looking for a reason to stay single or if you need to fucking laugh after a long time watch Daniel Sloss's Jigsaw The answers are there I promise.



-when i feel safe with someone is when i feel loved. not 'safe' as in, being protected. but safe, to show or share anything, to change anything, to become anyone, and know that deep down, that the person will always make me feel safe enough to have those choices. and ofc, be that person for them too.

where do you draw the line between, communication and over explaining? would i be able to communicate what I want before I unlearn the shame of wanting?

sharing my insecurities without projecting them on someone

talk about anything, and i do mean anything. whether it's a

grasshopper in a garden, a person crying in the subway, a theory i read, the meaning of a song. i like sharing when someone's listening.



Source: [15be609b-0e80-41ef-aa3a-b9368b04942d.jpg](#)

50 Rainer Maria Rilke, Letters to a Young Poet

"I ask you, dear sir, to have patience with all that is unresolved in your heart and to try to love the questions themselves, like closed

rooms, like books written in a foreign language. Don't try to find the answers now. They cannot be given anyway, because you would not be able to live them. For everything is to be lived. Live the questions now. Perhaps you then may gradually, without noticing, one day in the future live into the answers."

Rainer Maria Rilke, Letters to a Young Poet, 1929

Rainer Maria Rilke, Letters to a Young Poet, 1929

Want To

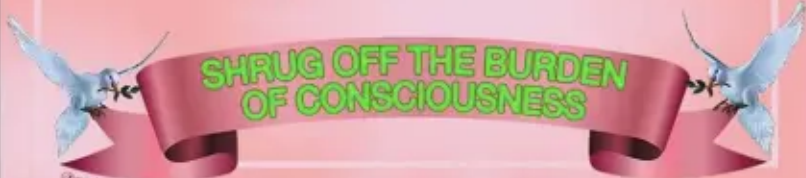
EXIST LESS ?



DOING THINGS THAT DE-CENTER YOU — LIKE MAKING ART OR JOINING A COMMUNITY CARE INITIATIVE — MAKES YOU FORGET THAT YOU EXIST !



Try one (1) Thing today



SHRUG OFF THE BURDEN OF CONSCIOUSNESS

@aldergate

52 Plea to a Potential Lover by

Laurel Blossom

Plea to a Potential Lover by Laurel Blossom

Issue no. 65 (Spring 1976)

Don't take me home, at least not yet; Let's have another drink, and sit and talk—I want to be your woman, but there isn't any rush.

Let's take our time,

and think it out.

Lovers surprised by love, like us, make one mistake: they make too much of it, want the world

to love them, and believe. The world believes

in nothing it can't touch,

touches what it cannot have, and loves to death. We've been in love,
we've passed the rites of marriage and we know the knife.

You and I

have nothing left to prove.

Let's keep the secret. On my life I know a woman's lovelier than a
wife. I want to be your woman . and without recourse.

Darling, I love you.

Let's get a divorce.

We can see the way lifeless objects become passive witnesses to human lives, or perhaps passive characters in human lives, and the ways in which they displace the human experience from it's human centric paradigm, giving rise, in the process, to a wholly new human narrative. After all, it is not necessary that every event should be centred on human. Springing from the orbit of the lifeless objects, these human-less human worlds maintain a fixed and particular 'affective atmosphere'

Hassan's State of Affairs, Mirza Athar Baig

emotionally pulling out is more difficult than sexually pulling out

the future became susceptible to theory only once there was no future left in store - Jason Bahbak Mohaghegh

We are, and then we think, and we think only inasmuch as we are,
since thinking is indeed

caused by the structures and operations of being. - Antonia R
Damascio

He who hid well, lived well - Descartes

Why do we still separate body/affect/emotion? When all of it is
collapsing into each other, moving through each other and causing
each other? What is our body without any affect it produces? would
we survive in a vacuum?

Laughter is agency. It creates a space, and only people in on the joke, are allowed in.

Who's gaze? 59

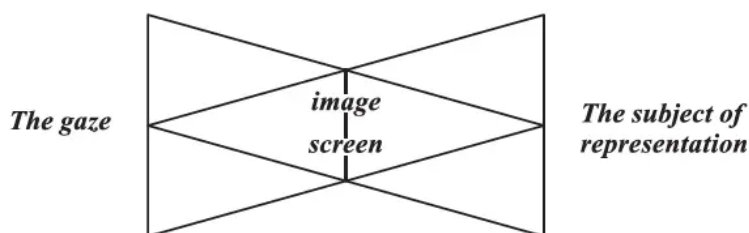


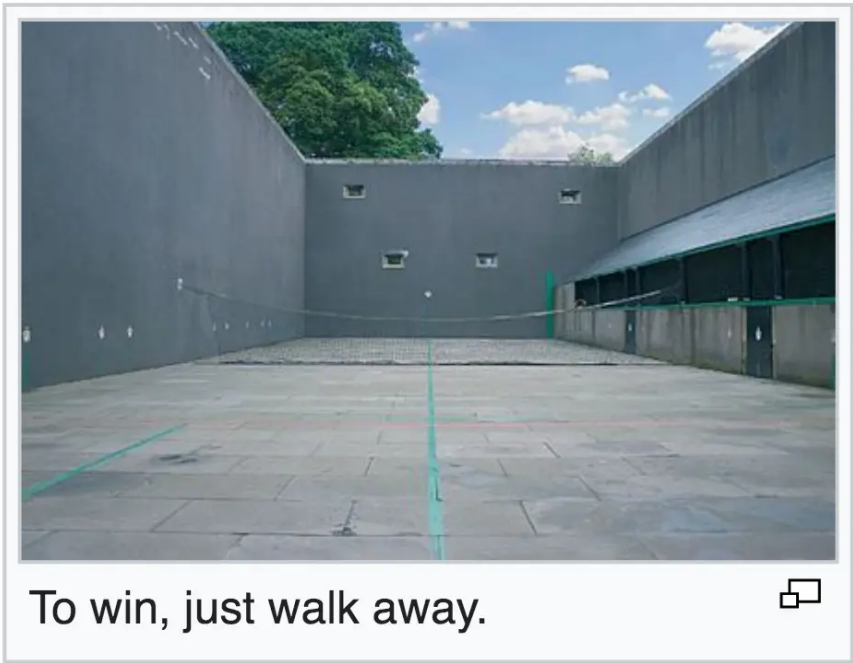
FIGURE 4.5 — Jacques Lacan, *Second Triangular Schema*.

60 in exile, always - Said & Darwish

Later in the poem, it is Darwish who poses a question to Said about identity, and Said quickly turns the question into the problem of exile:

What about identity? I asked.
 He said: It's self-defense...
 Identity is the child of birth, but
 at the end, it's self-invention, and not
 an inheritance of the past. I am multiple...
 Within me an ever new exterior. And
 I belong to the question of the victim. Were I not
 from there, I would have trained my heart
 to nurture there deer of metaphor...
 So carry your homeland wherever you go, and be
 a narcissist if need be/
The outside world is exile,
exile is the world inside.
 And what are you between the two? (emphasis mine)

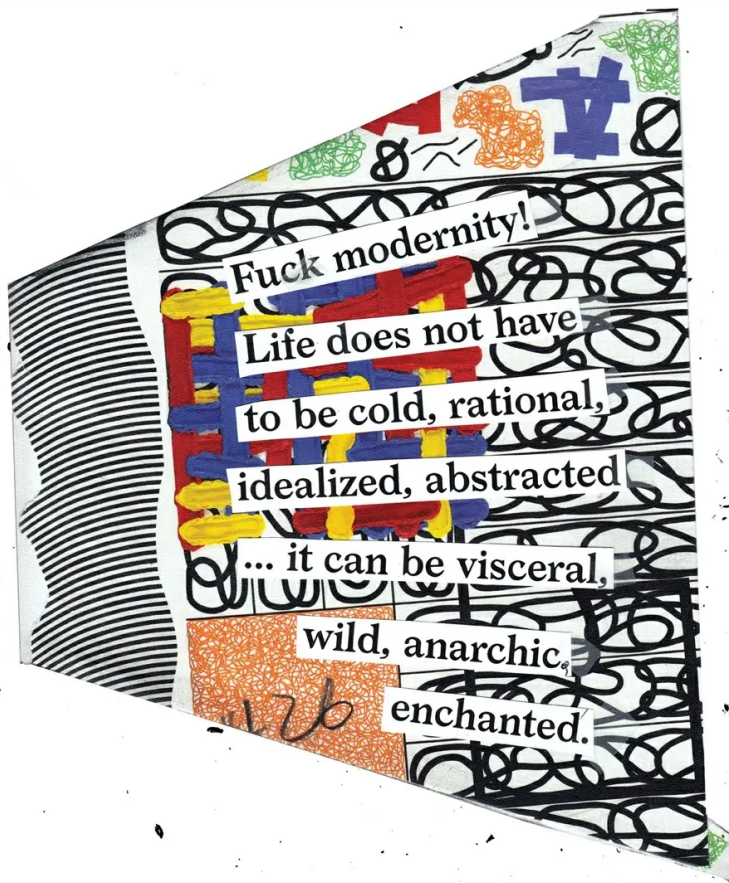
61



To win, just walk away.



62



Source: [82708c05-89c8-408d-ac93-3aa81dc73d63.jpg](#)

My face squeezes into that crying contortion you all know so well but nothing comes out. I need tears. It's like not being able to come. I need tears to tear me into two and let this nightmare escape. - Anomalisa, Charlie Kaufman

honoring your boundaries is honoring other people. we set our boundaries not to keep other people out, but to keep ourselves in

"I was uninvited from a wedding"

i wish i could stop living in the potential of what people could be

those of us who stand outside the circle of this society's definition of acceptable women.. Those of who are poor, who are lesbian's, who are Black, who are older - know that survival is not an academic skill. It is learning how to take our differences and make them strengths. For the master's tools will never dismantle the master's house.

Audrey Lorde

They both speak to the inherent qualities of being human: it is human nature to seek pleasure and we all have access to pleasure in its many forms no matter who we are. Systems of oppression work because they rob people of the belief that they are worthy of pleasure and their own humanity. It is therefore a radical act of oppressed communities to find ways to replenish themselves, to revel in the lives they were given and to not deny that pleasure-seeking nature.

Source: [Pleasure Seeking and Sexual Healing with Myisha Battle](#)

– Studio Ānanda

68 [120 Seconds to Get Elected](#)



A politician seduces a crowd of potential voters in two minutes; shot on a cell phone. Writer/Director: Denis Villeneuve Actor: Alexis Martin Producers: Colett...

Source: [120 Seconds to Get Elected](#)

in order to get rid of all the macro & micro holds that the system has over me, i have started saying 'i have power without you' instead of 'look how miserable the power you hold makes me'

instead of my existence still being about my relation to the system, i think this acknowledgement of my own power is what makes the system weak, makes me a little more indifferent by the day. hopefully rendering it completely powerless. a moment when truly, no fucks exist.

truth is a function

of learnt

judgement

your ancestors

have never not

imagined you -

Peter Morin

acknowledge the power structure when you're acquiring knowledge

justice and peace don't exactly cohabit

desire is what we know about our selves, and damage is what is
attributed to us by those who wish to contain us

I must keep from breaking into the story by force

for if I do I will find myself with a war club in my hand

and the smoke of grief staggering toward the sun,

your nation dead beside you

Revenge and justice overlap, feed, and deplete the other. justice and
revenge slip and slide, exchanging names. Revenge goes drag as
justice, or justice reveals it heat from revenge. Revenge is one head of
the many headed-creature of Justice.

How about you don't have to build an empire? Or dominate an industry? Or be the number one at anything? What if you simply built a lovely life that makes you feel happy, that brings you joy, that is generative and supportive? What if you healed the parts of you that need more and more and more? What if you redefined what success looks and feels like to you? What if you decided enough is enough? What if you felt satisfied in the right here, the right now? What if you realized your life is likely a lot closer to your ideal than you ever thought? What if changing the filter in which you view your life makes everything that much more vibrant? How much open empty space would be left for your joy if you stopped thinking you needed to earn it? How much time could you spend in the actual living of your life if you let go of striving for more? How much more beautiful would this moment, right here, become for you?

JAMIE VARON

We're reading and writing more than we have in a generation, but we are reading and writing differently—skimming, parsing, grazing, bookmarking, forwarding, retweeting, reblogging, and spamming language—in ways that aren't yet recognized as literary.

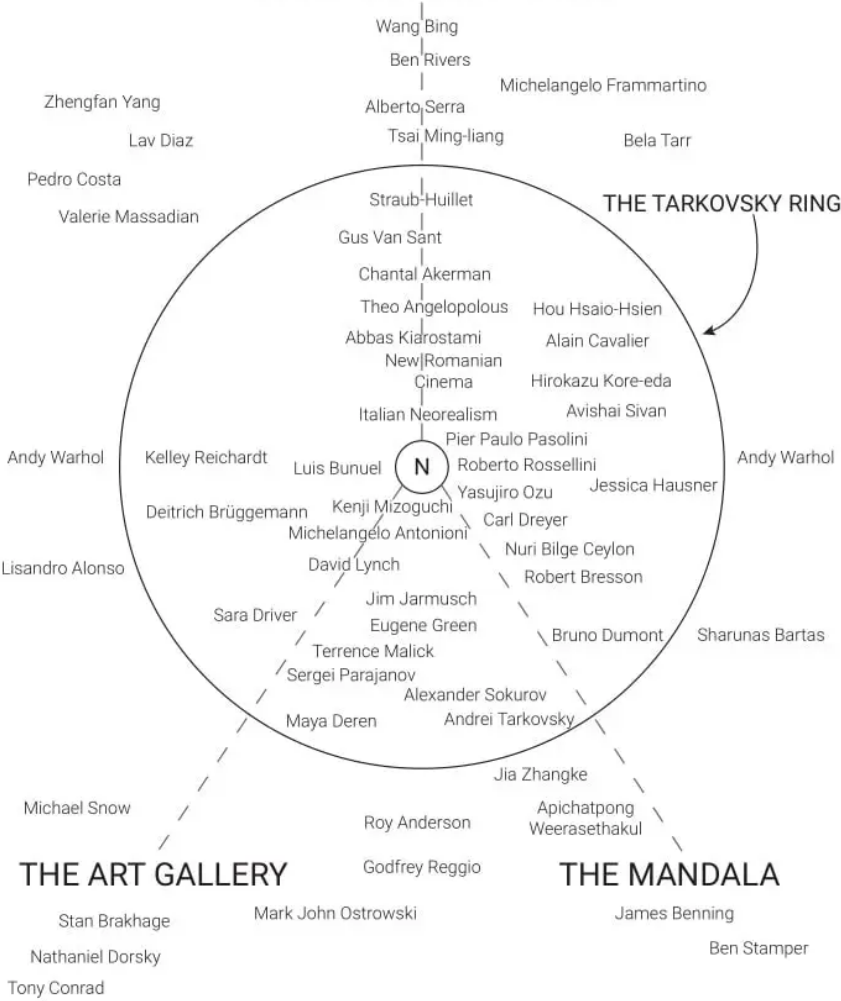
Source: [Why I Am Teaching a Course Called “Wasting Time on](#)

[the Internet”](#) | [The New Yorker](#)

if I could just constantly stop believing that I owe people things i think
my life would be much easier

does it make me feel like I'll be needed in the future by people who
didn't need me anymore

THE SURVEILLANCE CAM



What would Phil

Dunphy do?

persistent, repetitious practices of power can

simultaneously provide a body (or, better, collectivized bodies) with predicaments and potentials for realizing a world that subsists within and exceeds the horizons and boundaries of the norm.

80 Through the Zone of Nonbeing:

A Reading of Black Skin, White

Masks in Celebration of Fanon's

Eightieth Birthday*

"...observed in *The Souls of Black Folk* and the earlier "Conservation of the Races," with a consciousness of a frozen "outside," of a being purely as seen by others, in the face of the lived-experience of an

"inside," of a being who is able to see that he or she is seen as a being without a point of view,

which amounts to not being seen as a human being. Such interplay of ironic dimensions of sight

and thought, of doubled doubling, are hallmarks of Fanon's thought" (2, Gordon)



Source: [All Posts](#) • [Instagram](#)

82 Redemptive Intimacy — Emily

Nabnian

I'm interested in the possibility of a redemptive intimacy developing

between strangers who agree to enter a relationship — not necessarily romantic — premised on unvarnished and intentional truth telling about our traumas and fears from the conception of the series of interactions. To turn inward and reveal who we really are and what we need in this moment, almost like descending from the mountaintop rather than climbing up it. The descent requires its own form of acclimatisation and is not to be underestimated. It's intriguing to me then: working backwards from the most fundamental parts about me rather than trading high school anecdotes and much later, perhaps, the first instance of violence. I am also curious about how an awareness of a relationship being framed as an experiment impacts or

directs the interactions that unfold. What festers at the root might be this: By removing judgment, do we create atmospheres ripe for flourishing? By laying out margins for trial and error from the outset, simple human flaw, do we craft a different type of relationship... one that is unthreatened and worthwhile? I want to disrupt the linearity of the ways we can relate to each other.

How does a shared history with people from formative periods of our lives impact the people we are trying to become now? Can personal links to that actually hinder the healing process and cloud present judgment based on the past? My recent self-examination has circled around freeing myself from my own past and baggage and whether embarking on that is as simple as a resilient mindset. I have often felt more freedom with the stranger, the person who has no direct connection to my 84

histories: the places I have lived, my parents and friends, school and college. Inaccurate reputations and yes, past lovers. Maybe this freedom arises because there is no element of obligation nor expectation nor fear — no judgment and at least initially, caring about whether they like me or not. This allows me to be painfully honest. What if we could say to each other: I want to enter a mutual process of deconstruction with you, starting with the things I am most ashamed of.

Could we help each other grow sustainably? Let's break away from the immediate gratification of certain connections and instead cultivate joy, healing, connection — free from attachment?

85

The shame that sounds like pull yourself together, or make better choices, or I did it, why can't you. Shame neglects the work of understanding.

Source: [Running Dysmorphic](#)

86 [Circles](#)

Maybe I will spend my whole life like this: loving in circles, taking that bus back and forth across the country. Then it will be planes. And really, I just want to talk to someone beyond the dead of the night.

a lot of times adulthood bitterness shines through in front of kids & they get a hint of what's about to hit them. and you really want to say, 'wait till you get here baby' but you don't want to completely destroy their illusion just yet

The constant sharpening of knives is boring when one never gets around to cutting - Hermann Lotze

The Metamodernist Manifesto | 89

Luke Turner (2011)



METAMODERNIST // MANIFESTO

1. We recognise oscillation to be the natural order of the world.
2. We must liberate ourselves from the inertia resulting from a century of modernist ideological naivety and the cynical insincerity of its antonymous bastard child.
3. Movement shall henceforth be enabled by way of an oscillation between positions, with diametrically opposed ideas operating like the pulsating polarities of a colossal electric machine, propelling the world into action.
4. We acknowledge the limitations inherent to all movement and experience, and the futility of any attempt to transcend the boundaries set forth therein. The essential incompleteness of a system should necessitate an adherence, not in order to achieve a given end or be slaves to its course, but rather perchance to glimpse by proxy some hidden exteriority. Existence is enriched if we set about our task *as if* those limits might be exceeded, for such action unfolds the world.
5. All things are caught within the irrevocable slide towards a state of maximum entropic dissemblance. Artistic creation is contingent upon the origination or revelation of difference therein. Affect at its zenith is the unmediated experience of difference *in itself*. It must be art's role to explore the promise of its own paradoxical ambition by coaxing excess towards presence.
6. The present is a symptom of the twin birth of immediacy and obsolescence. Today, we are nostalgists as much as we are futurists. The new technology enables the simultaneous experience and enactment of events from a multiplicity of positions. Far from signalling its demise, these emergent networks facilitate the democratisation of history, illuminating the forking paths along which its grand narratives may navigate the here and now.
7. Just as science strives for poetic elegance, artists might assume a quest for truth. All information is grounds for knowledge, whether empirical or aphoristic, no matter its truth-value. We should embrace the scientific-poetic synthesis and

I. We recognise oscillation to be the natural order of the

world. 2. We must liberate ourselves from the inertia resulting from a century of modernist ideological naivety and the cynical insincerity of its antonymous bastard child. 3. Movement shall henceforth be enabled by way of an oscillation bet...

you cannot live your life based on what you think someone else is perceiving you as. what a waste, and what a disservice it would be to your own existence.

who do you want to be when no one is looking? who do you want to be seen as?

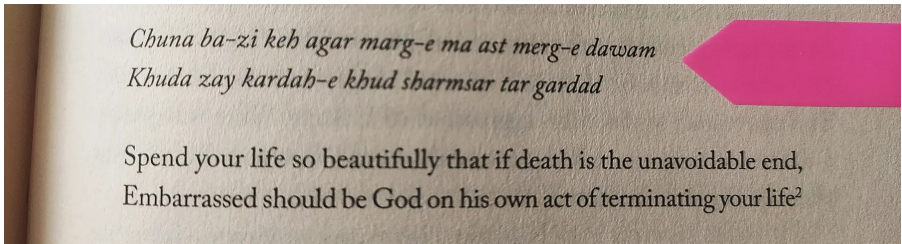
What is a theorist - Irit Rogoff 91

What does it mean to take part in visual culture beyond the role it allots us as viewers and listeners?

What it means to be in a position of culturally longing for that which is historically and politically forbidden to you?

What needs to be thought vs what had already been thought?

92 Allama Mohammed Iqbal



Source: [133e13fb-a172-4e4d-8eb8-231d5470ca22.jpg](https://www.133e13fb-a172-4e4d-8eb8-231d5470ca22.jpg)

- Jenny Odell 93

Ideas are not products, as much as corporations would like them to be. Ideas are intersections between ourselves and something else, whether that's a book, a conversation with a friend, or the subtle suggestion of a tree. Ideas can literally arise out of clouds (if we are looking at them). That is to say: ideas, like consciousness itself, are emergent properties, and thinking might be more participation than it is production. If we can accept this view of the mind with humility and awe, we might be amazed at what will grow there.

<https://thecreativeindependent.com/people/jenny-odell-how-to-grow-an-idea/>

To cope with loss of all kinds, we aestheticize loss as a gain.

Source: [The Lossless Self – The New Inquiry](#)

every day talk 95

we'll always have the time to talk about the 'big things', the big things don't go anywhere. the big things hand us panic attacks, declining mental health & grief on a platter.

i want to know the small things. talking about the small things doesn't make you small. i want to know who people are in their everyday

the freedom to

pretend

we feel entitled to

our fictions

MINIMALISM IS *DEAD*!!!

Long live tacky extravagance,
performative excess, artless
luxury, and all forms of

OPULENCE

for its own sake !!!

LONG LIVE **BAD TASTE !!!**

Source: [8e5743c2-9c93-4083-95c8-74f43e5b2956.jpg](#)

98 by an artist named Ali

Gil Scott Heron

Words by Gill Scott Heron,
Art by StudioP2

a piece of art that i would carry 99
around with me for the rest of my
life



Source: 89bfd6ce-86ea-45ad-a93b-d11043e75931.jpg

100 i want to hug this person and
say, hey, i know you. i know
exactly.



so-lo

i want everything to be novelty im so tired of this. i want my phone to look like a piano and my piano to look like a huge phone. i want all my teapots to look like cats. margaritaville salt shakers only. my mug better be shaped like a frog. im so mad where is this world

Source: [590f8a02-c0a0-4f30-9b41-cbc81a133f64.jpg](#)

[Queerness vs the normal](#) 101

Some will read "queer" as synonymous with "gay and lesbian" or "LGBT". This reading falls short. While those who would fit within the constructions of "L", "G", "B" or "T" could fall within the discursive limits of queer, queer is not a stable area to inhabit. Queer is not merely another identity that can be tacked onto a list of neat social categories, nor the quantitative sum of our identities. Rather, it is the qualitative position of opposition to presentations of stability - an identity that problematizes the manageable limits of identity. Queer is a territory of tension, defined against the dominant narrative of white-hetero-monogamous-patriarchy, but also by an affinity with all who are marginalized, otherized and oppressed. Queer is the abnormal, the strange, the dangerous. Queer involves our sexuality and our gender, but so much more. It is our desire and fantasies and more still. Queer is the cohesion of everything in conflict with the heterosexual capitalist world. Queer is a total rejection of the regime of the Normal.

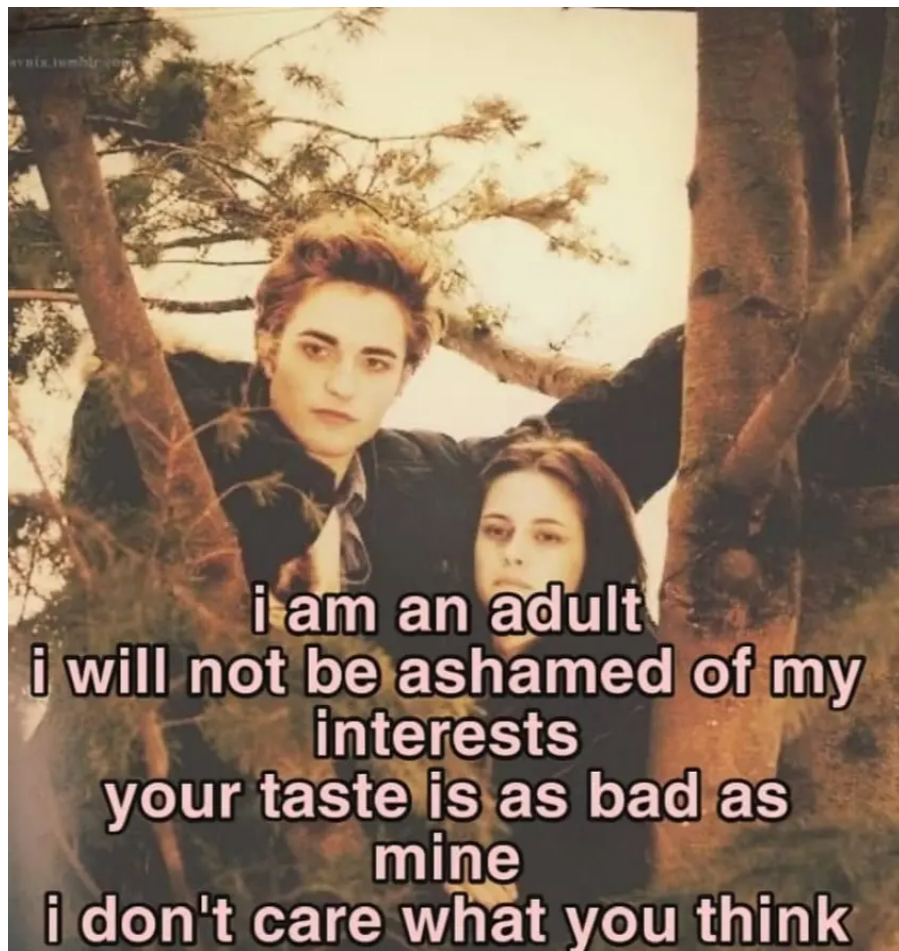
Source: 2dc0ac33-162e-4319-885d-829db317ad4e.jpg

102 The God of small things -

Arundhati Roy

It is curious how sometimes the memory of death lives on for so much longer than the memory of the life that it purloined. Over the years, as the memory of Sophie Mol (the seeker

this soothes my soul 103



"Nobody tells this to people who are **beginners, I wish someone told me. All of us who do creative work, we get into it because we have good taste.**

But there is this gap. For the first couple years you make stuff, it's just not that good. It's trying to be good, it has potential, but it's not. But your taste, the thing that got you into the game, is still killer.

And your taste is why your work disappoints you. A lot of people never get past this phase, they quit. Most people I know who do interesting, creative work went through years of this. We know our work doesn't have this special thing that we want it to have. We all go through this.

And if you are just starting out or you are still in this phase, you gotta know its normal and the most important thing you can do is do a lot of work.

Put yourself on a deadline so that every week you will finish one story. It is only by going through a volume of work that you will close that gap, and your work will be as good as your ambitions.

And I took longer to figure out how to do this than anyone I've ever met. It's gonna take awhile. It's normal to take awhile.

You've just gotta fight your way through." —Ira Glass

Source: 9083c43f-4938-454e-b7b7-d57eb0d57900.jpg

In exhile by Niyati Bhat 105

In Exile

As usual, I jumped onto the 764 bus to head home from work.
A whiff of saffron from my mother's village took hold of me
as the conductor handed me my ticket-
an eternity to Najafgarh.

It wasn't the first time, though.
I had tasted apples from my orchard before,
in a dream, years ago.
My daughter was born the very next day at Palam Mod
but she wouldn't know the taste of home as I had known.
I swear, once, I saw bobji roasting duck eggs
in his kanger near Dwarka Sector-Four.

More than once, the warmth of mouji's haakh-batt
held my hand through the jarring Kakrola Mod.
Could I possibly return to a home that exists no more?
Could I possibly live again as a body devoid of its soul?
Could you possibly tell the driver to stop the bus?
I finally see Aishmuqam road
and my heart can't take the pain anymore.

Source: 07f32105-5889-41fd-8167-34c4c2405f46.jpg

106 [Priyanka Paul \(@artwhoring\)](#) -
[goddesses](#)



The work of mourning focuses on giving birth to a memory

Ather Zia, The Spectacle of a Good Half Widow: Performing Agency in the Human Rights Movement in Kashmir

How does one keep memory, as a form of resistance, alive?

'Postmemory' is a term coined by Holocaust scholar Marianne Hirsch, to describe 'the relationship that later generations or distant contemporary witnesses bear to the personal, collective and cultural trauma of others -to experience they "remember" or know only by means of stories, images and behaviours.

108 [Who's funds the empowerment?](#)

John Cusak: What is the meaning of charity as a political tool?

Arundhati Roy: It's an old joke, right? If you want to control somebody, support them. Or marry them.

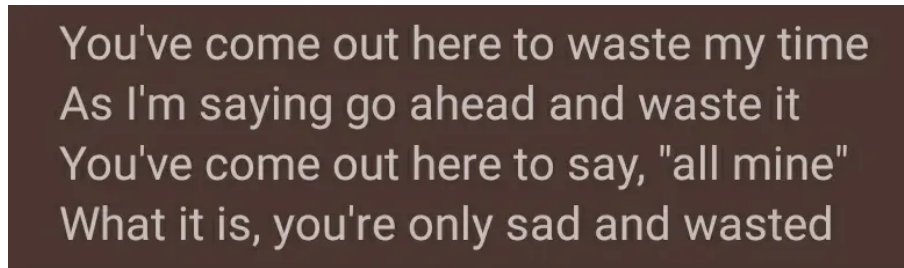
JC: Sugar daddy politics... AR: Embrace the resistance. Seize it. Fund it.

JC: Domesticate it...

AR: Make it depend on you. Turn it into an art project or a product of some kind. The minute what you think of as radical becomes as institutionalised, funded operation, you're in some trouble. And it's cleverly done.

Excerpt from Things That Can and Cannot Be Said

[peach pit - second life with emily](#) 109



You've come out here to waste my time
As I'm saying go ahead and waste it
You've come out here to say, "all mine"
What it is, you're only sad and wasted

Source: [ce733dc0-9300-4b6e-84fd-800738e1b0be.jpg](#) 110

"In Asia, many spectators ask me the same thing: why do you make incomprehensible films? After a screening, they have tons of questions. Why this? Why a wall? What does it mean? I don't know how to answer. I advise them to contemplate the moon. Because the moon cannot answer you. And nobody asks her questions for that matter. If you really look at the moon, you sense and feel new things each time. Her sight makes us more sensitive, more tender. Maybe it's a budding solution to the world's problem. In a way, my films... It's what my films can't do. The sight of the moon makes us tender, more sensitive, able to feel other people's sorrow. In a way, my films are exercises for the audience. Those who enjoy them know how to moon gaze. If you're a moon gazer you know how to watch my film."

Tsai Ming-liang in an interview before a

screening of *Stray Dogs* (2013) at the Cinémathèque Française

All my grief says the same thing—
this isn't how it's supposed to be.
And the world laughs, holds my
hope by my throat, says: but this is
how it is.

Fortesa Latifi,
The Truth About Grief

I recently read this and it was basically someone talking about how they try to be a better ally across multiple social justice movements and they wrote that, “There is such a thing as a genuine apology, devoid of the need or desire to be forgiven. An apology meant truly for the sake of the one who has been hurt and not for validation or any sort” I’m sure I don’t remember it exactly or fully correctly but that hit home so fucking hard.





Source: 07be99be-8c74-40fe-a546-4526d69b29c1.jpg

Maslow's Hierarchy of 115

SCREAMS (2020 edition) - by

Dan Saffer



<https://twitter.com/odannyboy/status/1303784246583017472>

Source: [1e6050d3-06fb-422b-b8d6-1860e3196189.png](#) 116



I think the idea of someone only being able to love you completely is if you love yourself first, doesn't work. It puts too much pressure on a person.

In a society where most of us taught shame before we learn what love is, we mostly just aim to being able to live with ourselves.

Most of us actually aim for 'hey if this person chooses to love me then I'm probably not as bad as I think I am'

It doesn't come from a place of dependence but a place of 'hey i think i'm not the best kind of person but I want to be better to keep them around'

The desire to be better for the people & communities that make me feel like I belong plays a part in how I love.

118 [Photograph by Carlota Guerrero](#)



Masks make us feel safer even when they become suffocating. Armor makes us feel stronger even when we grow weary from dragging the extra weight around. The irony is that when we're standing across from someone who is hidden or shielded by masks and armor, we feel frustrated and disconnected. That's the paradox here: *Vulnerability is the last thing I want you to see in me, but the first thing I look for in you.*

Brené Brown, *Daring Greatly*

Source: [aec1f869-2c79-41c8-ae07-8e9cdbac3d1e.jpg](https://www.pexels.com/photo/abstract-3d-render-of-glass-cubes-120) 120

vulnerability is a

form of

expression

pronouns are not a preference as the use of language might suggest. when i say i prefer they/them it doesn't mean I prefer it over he/him or she/her. it's not an option. my pronouns are mandatory. they are part of how I want to express myself.



zandashé l'orelia brown

@zandashe



I dream of never being called
resilient again in my life.

I'm exhausted by strength. I want
support. I want softness. I want ease.
I want to be amongst kin. Not patted
on the back for how well I take a hit.
Or for how many.

Source: [28a8add7-cc98-464a-8d37-398ac1e8e724.jpg](#)

Instagram post by 123

@artreviewpower100 • Oct 7,

2020 at 1:02am UTC



1,469 Likes, 19 Comments - @artreviewpower100 on Instagram

Source: [Instagram post by @artreviewpower100](#) • Oct 7, 2020 at

1:02am UTC

who am i when

i'm not in his

gaze?

i hate how the idea of leisure is decaying. you're either getting entertained, educated or employed. the beauty of time slipping through as you make a space to slow down and take in, seems completely lost. my time has become a currency to keep up with the world, and that doesn't sit right with me. how did we turn every aspect of our life into a tool for the economy? when it's always been the little things, the warp in time that genuine happiness brings, the fleeting everyday miracles that make up who we are more than anything?

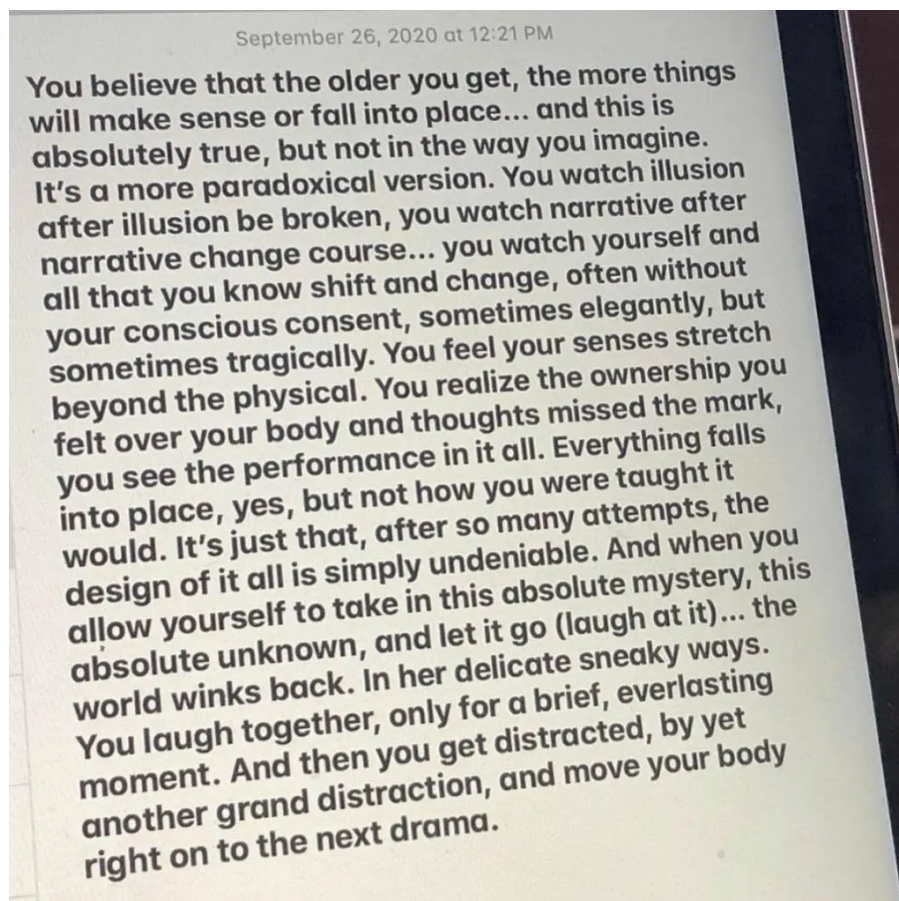
126 [Hazrat Bibi Rabia Al Basri](#)

Karl Marx famously called religion ‘the opiate of the masses’. Buddhism, particularly as it is popularly practised, promises improvement through karma. Islam and Christianity promise eternal paradise to the faithful. And that is a powerful opiate, certainly, the hope of a better life to come. But there’s a Sufi story that challenges the notion that people believe only because they need an opiate. Rabe’a al-Adiwiyah, a great woman saint of Sufism, was seen running through the streets of her hometown, Basra, carrying a torch in one hand and a bucket of water in the other. When someone asked her what she was doing, she answered, ‘I am going to take this bucket of water and pour it on the flames of hell, and then I am going to use this torch to burn down the gates of paradise so that people will not love God for want of heaven or fear of hell, but because he is God.’

the idea of error is our meta mistake: we are wrong about what it means to be wrong. Far from being a sign of intellectual inferiority, the capacity to err is crucial to human cognition. Far from being a moral flaw, it is inextricable from some of our most humane, and honorable qualities: empathy, optimism, imagination, conviction and courage -Kathryn Schulz

"The extent to which you allow yourself to be seen is the extent to which you allow yourself to be loved. When you hold back, share only parts of yourself, pretend to be "fine" when you're not, or fit into the mold you think the other person wants, you can never fully trust that you've been chosen and loved for all of you. The reality is, you've been chosen and loved for the parts you've brought forward." - Vienna Pharaon

@sighswoon 129



Source: [499ba254-76e5-4e5e-bea8-ba4ea1d175aa.jpg](https://i.pinimg.com/499ba25476e54e5e-bea8-ba4ea1d175aa.jpg)

“A relationship is about inventing your own language,” says Sciamma. “You’ve got the jokes, you’ve got the songs, you have this anecdote that’s going to make you laugh three years later. It’s this language that you build. That’s what you mourn for when you’re losing someone you love. This language you’re not going to speak with anybody else.”

Source: [7f8a4e61-6f6f-4922-acd5-4cfb5c92b5d9.jpg](#)

[Frances Ha\(2012\)](#) 131

Frances : It's that thing when you're with someone, and you love them and they know it, and they love you and you know it... but it's a party... and you're both talking to other people, and you're laughing and shining... and you look across the room and catch each other's eyes... but - but not because you're possessive, or it's precisely sexual... but because... that is your person in this life. And it's funny and sad, but only because this life will end, and it's this secret world that exists right there in public, unnoticed, that no one else knows about. It's sort of like how they say that other dimensions exist all around us, but we don't have the ability to perceive them. That's - That's what I want out of a relationship. Or just life, I guess.

That is, disconnection from the smartphone and social media isn't really disconnection at all: The logic of social media follows us long after we log out. There was and is no offline; it is a lusted-after fetish object that some claim special ability to attain, and it has always been a phantom.

Source: [The IRL Fetish – The New Inquiry](#)

curious people 133

~i think what i celebrate the most about being human is curiosity. the excitement of wondering and seeking and wanting to understand something ~curious people are more humble and kind. they always know there's a possibility to know more about something

~curious people ask more impactful questions

~they try to understand a person better, they're more open to people changing and they also make you wonder why you are the way you are

no matter how much you try, you'll never truly know enough. there will always be a new perspective, or a new dimension that you didn't consider. we will never truly know ~everything~

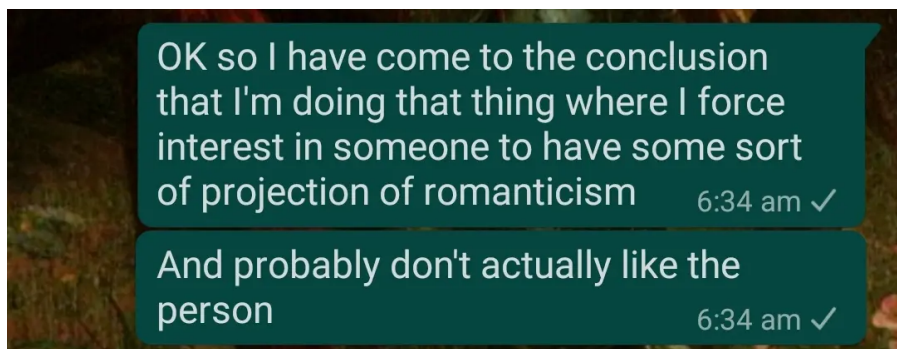
i think there's beauty in the fact that there's always more out there. there's always more to something because no two people will ever look at a piece of information or art the same way. so even if you read every page, see every place, look at every piece of art which exists. you can still walk up to a stranger and ask 'so what do you think of this?' they will reveal a lifetime worth of stories

it's really tiring to constantly explain how i have had to consistently navigate everything around me because of my identity when all my life I've been surrounded by people who've barely have had to worry about it

136

i think all my regrets and my grief stems from all the moments i've let my hesitation win. grief from the regret of what could have been is worse than the hurt of it not working out. my fear of being awkward, embarrassed and being hurt impacts my decisions more than i'd like to admit. i've lost so many opportunities to make friends, to say i love you. i've lost friendships, loved ones and I've lost the ability to take the first step.

romance is better in your head 137



Source: 3cf9a1b0-170e-435d-b28d-253b874f979e.jpg

138 Compulsory heterosexuality

Compulsory heterosexuality

Language

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Compulsory heterosexuality is the idea that [heterosexuality](#) is assumed and enforced by a [patriarchal](#) and [heteronormative](#) society. In this theory, heterosexuality is seen as able to be adopted by people regardless of their personal sexual orientation, while heterosexuality is socially promoted as the natural state of both sexes, and deviation is seen as unfavorable^[1] The term was popularized by [Adrienne Rich](#) in her 1980 essay titled "[Compulsory Heterosexuality and Lesbian Existence](#)".

Contents

^ Concept and terminology

Adrienne Rich argued that heterosexuality is a political institution that supports the patriarchal domination of men over women in society, and [feminist literature](#) still functions under a heterosexual paradigm. She believes that feminist authors do not adequately acknowledge that institutions such as [marriage](#) are merely [socializations](#) that have been internalized and reproduced in society.^[1] This institution defines the standards for sexual and romantic relationships and alienates those outside of the standards.^[2]

Compulsory heterosexuality is viewed as an institution that acts upon individuals from birth, and thus individuals are assumed to be heterosexual until proven otherwise. Due to this, Sandra Lipsitz Bem argues that sexual minorities have a greater "global identity development" from individuals investigating their experiences and senses of self in contrast to society.^[3] Individuals with minority sexual orientations are found to consider their sexual orientation as integral to their relationships with other people and as a foundation for their overall identity.^[4]

^ Factors

Manifestations of male power

The idea states that male dominance in a patriarchal society is a major factor in enforcing compulsory female heterosexuality^[1] that, in order to serve men's needs, heterosexuality requires men to force women into heterosexual relationships and marriage under a patriarchal society.^[3] Kathleen Gough argues that there are eight characteristics of "male power in archaic and contemporary societies", which are:

- Rejecting women's sexuality
- Forcing male sexuality upon women
- Exploiting women's labor
- Controlling or robbing women of their children
- Confining women physically
- Using women as objects for male transactions
- Denying women their creativity
- Denying women from knowledge and cultural attainments^[6]

These characteristics combined create a culture in which women are convinced that heterosexuality and heterosexual relationships are inevitable by "control of consciousness", particularly when used in conjunction with lesbian erasure.^[1]

I read this when i start invalidating my queerness

Source: [Compulsory heterosexuality - Wikipedia](#)

memory and trauma 139

healing from trauma is like letting go of breaths you didn't know you were holding in.

for a long time it feels like numbness. like you're in a coma or a spell. then the breaking point comes and you wake up. you look back and you realise how much you endured in the name of love, only because you never knew how to be treated otherwise.

so even when it's over. even when you're safe now and you know better, you still get flashback of certain incidents. you always question, how did i let this happen to myself?

‘you should really talk to someone. doesn’t have to be me, but i’m here if you do.’ ‘yeah i know.’

this whole cycle of assurance becomes an inside joke for me. I have to assure people i am fine while people believe they're were assuring me. lying to my friends is an act of betrayal so i do the next best thing: avoid the truth. it was always ‘how come you didn’t tell me?’ & never ‘why did you feel like you couldn’t?’ as if indulging them in my grief is going to make it go away. never understood why people took my spells of isolation so personally. sometimes I'm tired of people sharing. unfortunately 'being a good listener' encourages them. always tell them what they need to hear not what they want to hear. except when they ask about me

lately, all conversations felt like white noise. people talked about each other. always a victim in their stories. in a

world where there were so much music, literature & existential thoughts to address, they still chose to talk about inconsequential tales to assure themselves. i play twisted games in my head. 'how long before they realise they haven't asked about me even once?' probably an entire conversation. 'how many times can i avoid the conversation turning on me' around 6 times if they're close. 14 if they're perceptive. the entire conversation if they love talking. 'how long before they make this about themselves?' not long at all. constantly trying to prove to myself that was alone to prevent the mistake of relying on someone entirely. Because people mistake my secrets for who i am there was no pleasure found in isolating myself. I find momentary companions to share it with. but their fleeting existentialism was my constant. I want to talk about why i thought god was an attention whore. whether people were to be judged on their intentions or the

142

consequences of their actions. discuss what ghalib felt when he wrote 'sajde meh nahi gaye toh shiqwa bhi nahi kiya'. but here I sat in a cafeteria, listening to why someone's high school enemy didn't deserve their new internship. my friends might know what my dad said to hurt me yesterday but not why i thinks if i was a song it would be so long, lonesome.

a lot of question our previous relationships that ended due to partner's betrayal or gaslighting and we wonder whether any of it was real. whether what we had, had always been fake and we were too naive to see it.

But think of it as this:

You know you are capable of being in love, of being there with someone wholly. You loved then and that is your love. You've taken it back. And till you find someone else to give it to, it's going to want to be placed somewhere? Which is why it's hard to let go.

This is not an indication for you to find someone, do that in your own sweet time. But I hope it makes sense? Love takes a lot from us so when we feel like we have no one to give it to, we miss it.

And what better thing to do then to at least give some of that to yourself?

144 [serial killers documentaries](#)

while I completely disagree with the ongoing trend of adapting serial killer's lives into documentaries or docu series I do believe it in fact feeds into white supremacist tendencies. somehow the narrative is constructed to always have undertones of patronisation or victimhood hidden in the subtext. with comments on their intelligence and planning.

it's because they nearly always choose to tell the story from the perspective of the killer, not their victims. showing the hunter is less violent than showing the hunted.

which is why they will never portray a serial killer from a non white race. because violence is seen as inherently part of non white races.

when a white man picks violence by virtue of his evangelized whiteness "he is damaged by the world" while all non white races, especially black and

Muslims, are damaged by virtue of their race or religion.

feminism, queer rights, deconstructing colonialism in the modern world, eradicating racism, etc. these are important movements and collective steps that can create a society that celebrates differences and doesn't discriminate.

but none of this will work till we establish the basic right to live a dignified life. most people are dying or starving, so their only aim is survival. to even be able invest time in such movements and ideologies is a Privilege.

how do you love without attachment? why does it feel like my views have changed now that i've developed feelings? how do i do things on my terms, and how do i keep those terms from being too intense? why does it feel like being with someone is a dependence? how do i cultivate this into a desire, to have the closeness but still a distance between me and the thing/person? what if i said this to them? how could it not change things? i want a love that doesn't make decisions on whims and moods. my whims and moods have been changing too but i want to hold onto the constant, "the broader this" — and is that as easy as just choosing the other person? accepting them and in turn accepting yourself? saying something like: i choose you, and i want us to work through whatever we feel or experience. (does granting this unconditional

steadfastness allow for better and truer communication?) to say: i choose you enough that voicing something “negative” isn’t going to change the course of our relationship. i choose you enough that some distance between us never equals distance *between* us. i choose you enough to always come back to you, and to give you a place to come back to.

do i struggle with keeping hold of my independence and selfhood, and merging my life with love? i suppose the kind of love that calls to me, it is not the subtle kind, even though i want that too. i was asked once you know, what that real real thing was for me. well, perhaps it's this: i have always wanted a place just for me in this world, just one small place where i could be free of everything. the only requirement is to just be — a surrender — and it is that precise surrender that gives me the freedom to be, feel and express all the things i have never felt able to before. it is a place or rather a person that has my back no matter what, that understands my trauma without judgment, that works to understand the fucked up notions of feeling i have picked up along the way... that lets me be soft but doesn't make me feel diminished by it. it is, i suppose, a quiet place to be imperfect, to be held, 150

to be comforted, to be encouraged. a safe place, a particular and specific place, just for me. away from the eyes of the world and the pressures that come with it. there are such tender parts of me i suppose that occasionally i want to tell someone about. to be known as fully as one can be, for just one person to know that i existed and that this, underneath it all, was who i was. it's the other side of the coin that emerges when i am with children. something so gentle that i feel almost ashamed, totally exposed. and yet, it is this sensitivity that directs my life so much, always has. i hate to admit how much loving and being loved means to me. i hate that my grand plans and big goals seem to pale in comparison when i start to feel an inkling, that first heat.

i think the most difficult thing about childhood friendships turning into adult ones is how hard it can be to relearn who they are. but it's also a pleasure to take that journey where you don't have to like everything about them but you'd die for them anyway. because deep down, fundamentally you know there's no one else you would shamefully admit all your sins in front of.

it is truly unconditional love.

Some of us are still finding the right time to be ourselves. To be in a place where we aren't causing any discomfort, doesn't cause any loss.

that we are keeping our 'true selves' safe for the correct moment. It's always beautiful to watch that feeling become a reality for people. Even if that's momentarily. I'm waiting for that moment myself.

The moment when I have the place to cry, to laugh, to say my name like I own it. To use my identity as an act of courage and not a shameful secret. But even getting to that place, is an act of privilege. Because some people don't get the space to cry, they're cramped in with how to survive. To say their name our loud because it'll raise questions that there are no answers to. Their identities will be enough to turn their world upside down in a split second.

Having the safe space to exist, is a privilege.

People from my past that I never fully resolved things with are flaring up. I'm okay with the unresolvedness; at some point you just have to move on and not look back, be okay with the lack of clarity. This feeling is confusing though — familiarity, attraction, a possible life path. But I'm super intolerant to the relationships that I've had before now. I won't live in a continual state of anxiety, of waiting, preparing to be let down. There has always been follow through on that non-act to say the least. I guess what I'm trying to communicate is that it's easy to be tempted by people from the past, especially right now when life itself feels like a burden. It's so easy to undo years of work in a few seconds, a lapse in judgment, a relapse in return born from the most human of instincts and desires. I really want to give in, feel myself softening a bit again but I can't. I don't know if the resilience makes me

more detached or if this is really the test to see whether I have grown at my foundation.

i don't know how utterly lonely i would feel without music. yes, all kinds of art have spoken so many truths in different ways and forms. But music feels like a gateway to a different world. A world where it's just you, and this piece of art that somehow captures a moment, a feeling, a sense of belonging. It overwhelms, it's always bittersweet. it transports me to places, it makes me see people i wish were real. it creates the perfect fantasy where i don't get the happy ending but i'm alright without it. each song is a heartbreak. when it's over the brief mirage which I've meticulously shaped together is broken. the world i created is perfectly preserved inside it. i can visit whenever i want. the fake memories, the inside jokes, the perfect people. they're all paused till the moment i decide to step back in & greet them.

[Frank Ocean, past love in Ivy](#) 157







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Frank Ocean’s “Ivy” & Relishing Past Love

The fantasy of “Ivy,” from Ocean’s 2016 sophomore album, ‘Blonde,’ is peace itself.

Donna-Claire Chesman · May 6, 2020



Art By: John Farnsworth (@johnfarnsworth)

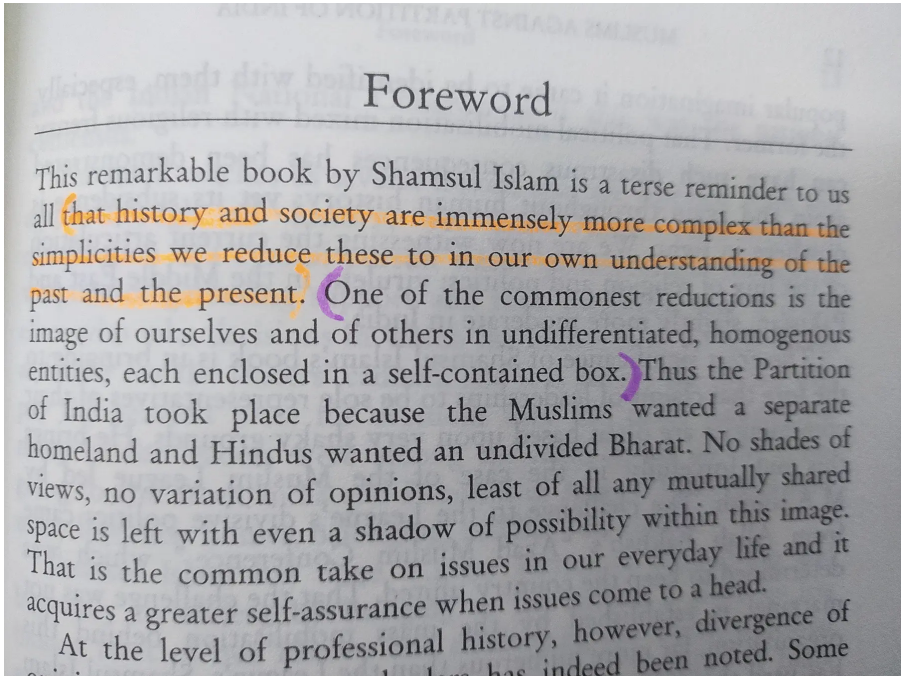
Sometimes, we're blindsided by the right person at the wrong time. Sometimes, we're in awe of the worst person at the best time. Sometimes, love feels like fine grains of sand sifting between our fingers. How pointless it is to tighten our fists, and yet we cannot let go. Each grain falling and piling up between our feet. And as we look at the pile of sand

This song is makes me realise nostalgia is nothing but a complicated mix of hope & grief

Ivy, by Frank Ocean is a gorgeous piece of art and this article makes you want to immerse in it further. Frank Ocean's "Ivy" & Relishing Past Lovers The fantasy of "Ivy" is peace itself.

Source: [Frank Ocean's "Ivy" & Relishing Past Love](#)

158 reduction of history into binaries



We reduce historical figures and events in binaries. This helps in manipulation of history and leads to ignorance of the humanity behind such history.

Source: [6a3269f4-e05d-427e-9c97-d8a21770e71e.jpg](#)

desire of being loved 159

I think the fear of oblivion manifests in the fear that we'll always be unlovable or unloved. If we stop desiring the feeling of being wanted, of being loved then don't you think we'll have more space to live a life which is less burdensome? Instead of love being an end goal, it would be a bonus.

160 Literature that captures liberation

"Inside you vault opens behind vault endlessly." - Romanesque
Arches, Tomas Tranströmer

The desire to be loved is the last illusion. Give it up and you will be free. -Margaret Atwood

Your tale will end just fine; but mine is a different story - Keaton
Henson

if we want the rewards of being loved, we have to submit to the mortifying of ordeal of being known - random Tumblr post